And it is thought abroad, that twixt my ſheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere ſuſpition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for ſurety: he holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him.
Caſsio's a proper man, let me ſee now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me ſee,
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othellos* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a perſon and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected, fram'd to make women falſe:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeemes to be ſo:
And will as tenderly be led bit'h noſe --- as Aſſes are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you diſcerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Deſcry a ſaile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does ſpeake aloud at land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian'd ſo vpon the ſea,
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine melt,

Can hold the mortiſes, --- What ſhall we heare of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* Fleete:
For doe but ſtand vpon the banning ſhore,
The chiding billow ſeemes to pelt the cloudes,
The windſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous mayne,
Seemes to caſt water, on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole.
I neuer did, like moleſtation view,
On the inchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkiſh* Fleete
Be not inſhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done:
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turke*,
That their deſignement halts: Another ſhippe of *Venice* hath ſeene
A greeuous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ſhippe is heere put in:
A Veroneſſa, *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieiutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come aſhore: the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion here for *Cypres*,

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſsio*, tho he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And prayes the Moore be ſafe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempeſt.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be:
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier:
Lets to the ſea ſide, ho,
As well to ſee the veſſell that's come in,